





Agenis (Sollar)



written by John Patrick Green and Christopher Hastings illustrated by Pat Lewis with color by Wes Dzioba

First Second
New York

For those who stand out, and those who blend in



8 2023 by John Patrick Green

Digitally illustrated in Photoshop

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Prologue





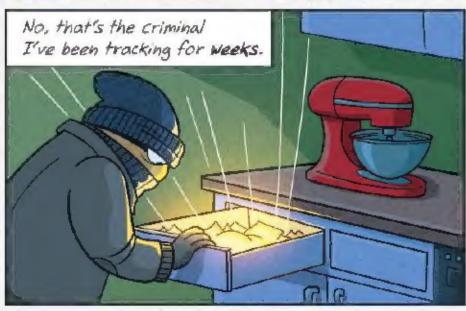


Not that I condone that!



That's not me. Oh gosh, I made you think that was me.















(Well, there might be some clantro in the fridge, but we're not going to check.)

^{**}Special Undercover Investigation Teams







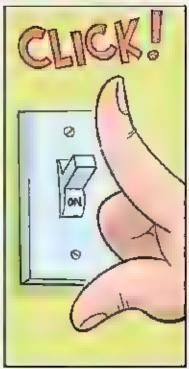




I can't carry anything on me when I'm on a mission, because I can only camouflage myself, not other stuff.









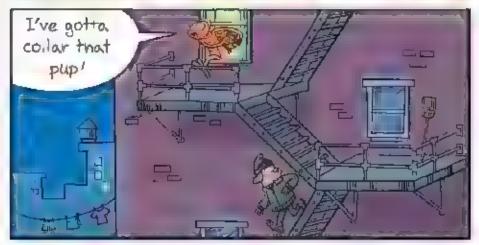






















We 100% did not mean to, but you are welcome.



Sure' But now that you're a field agent, you really should keep your VE.S.T. on you at an times.





What was he stealing, anyway?
I don't see a bag of loot or anything.

Specifically all the tiny packets you get from takeout and then stash in the back of your utensil drawer forever.

* Very Exciting Spy Technology

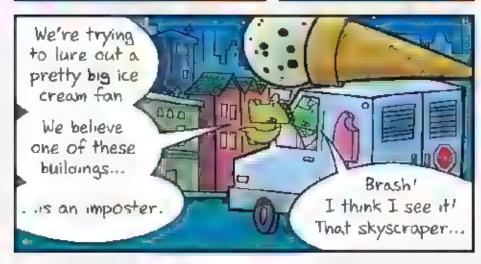


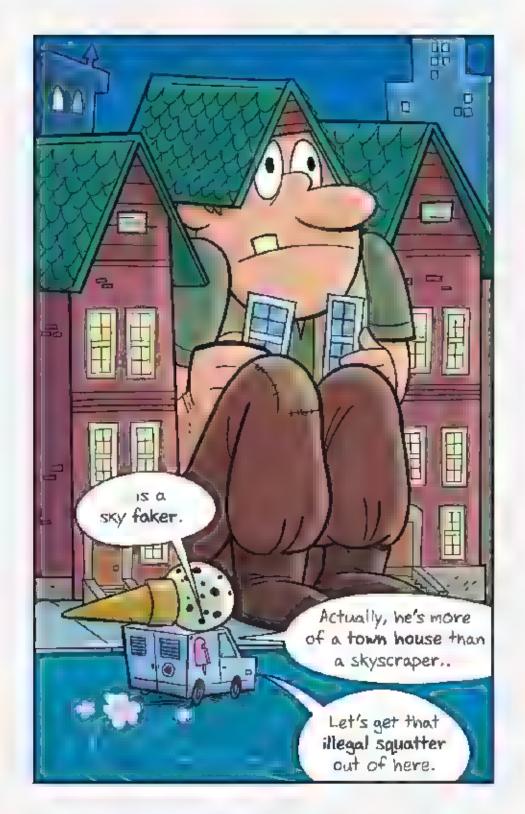




What big operation are you on, anyway?

The midale of the night is a weira time to be undercover as ice cream men.

























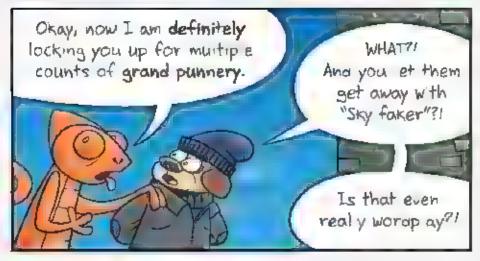










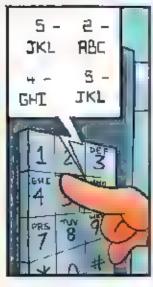














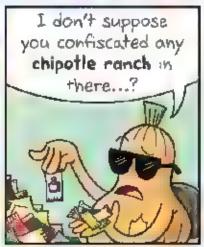














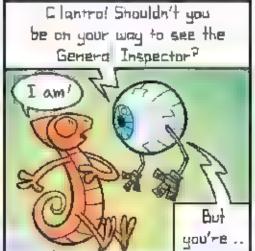






"Your Appraisal of this Love y Prison















*Computerized Ocular Remote Butier



The city will sleep soundly, knowing they can put a tiny amount of soy sauce or sweet relish on their food whenever they desire.























*Appare Research and Manufacturing Section















You've always been a valuable member of S.V.I.T...



But if you can't comply with S.UIT.'s requirements on a simple case of a cond ment thief, how can we trust you on the big in ssions?

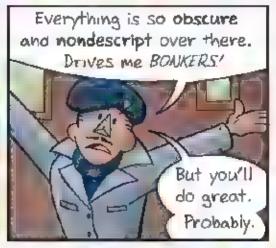












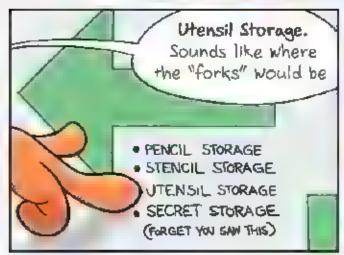


































He always took
on missions
personally, like
he had something
to prove! He was
dedicated. I tell
you what.









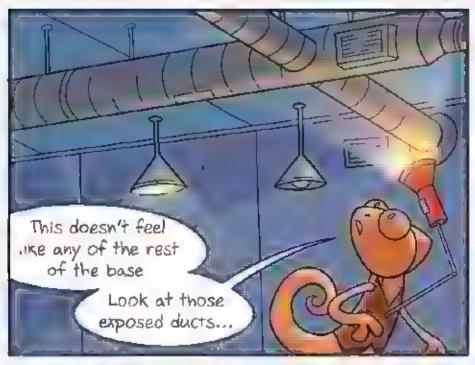


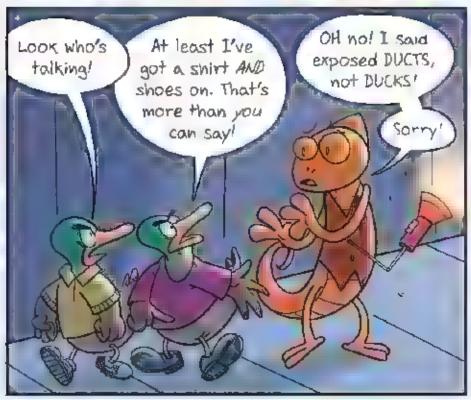














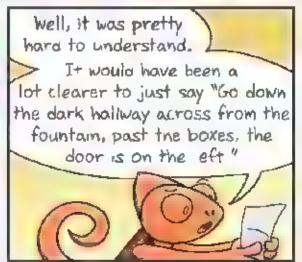
























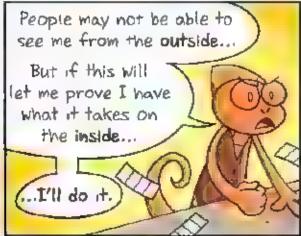
















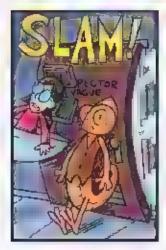




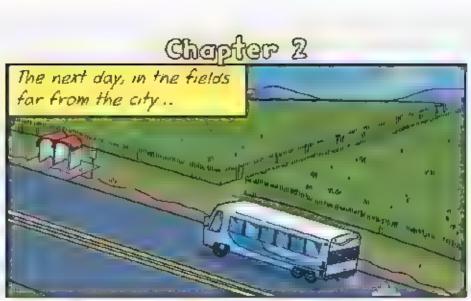


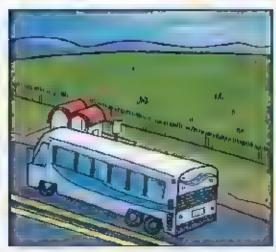




































































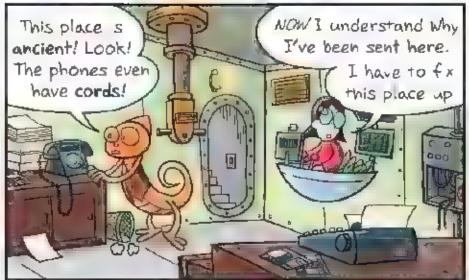






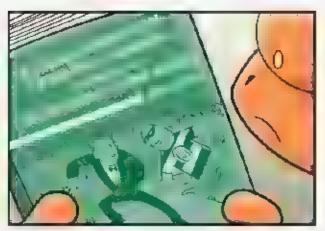




























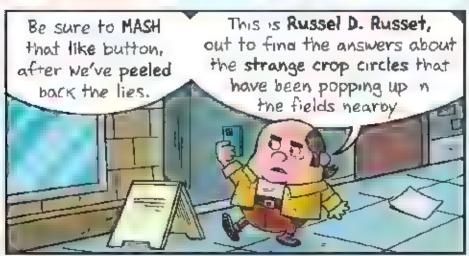


I'll need a 216-piece standard and metric combination polished chrome mechanics tool set, a 20-volt cordless drill with a full set of masonry drill bits



Chapter 3











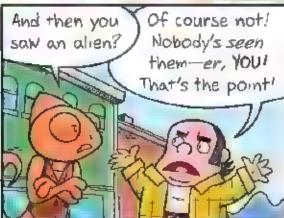








































Chapter 4



















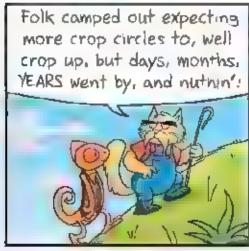


















































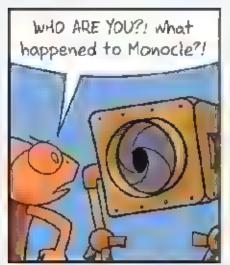




















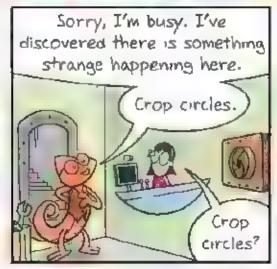












Hm...I suppose it's a little unusual not to plant your crops n straight lines, but if someone wants them to be circular—























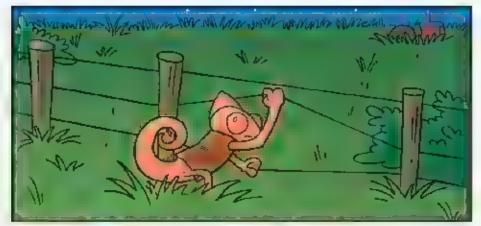




























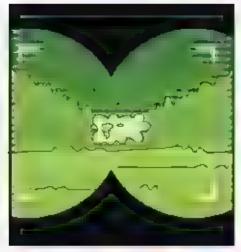


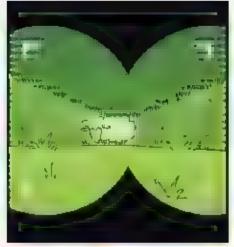






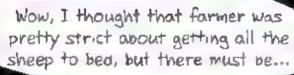






















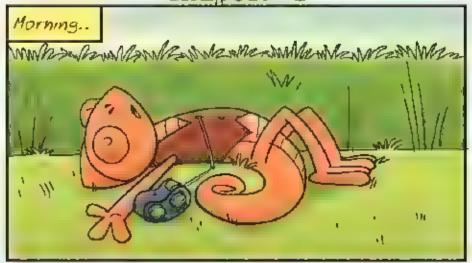








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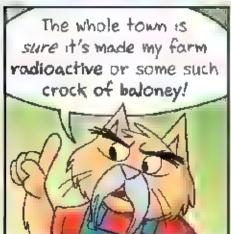


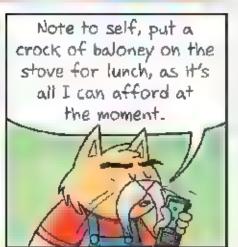






















Look what the r SPACE RAYS have done to my face! Don't .et THIS happen to you!

And don't listen to critics
I ke my mother who claim my
face is just sunburnt from
failing asleep in a field:

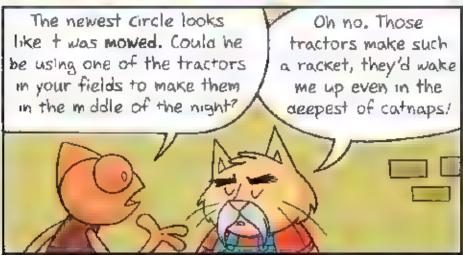


But I do recommend you need downtown to check out my merch table, full of T-snirts, tote bags, gym socks, and more! Your support keeps the truth alve-



having a hard time, but Russel's definitely making a buck off the Martian Mania...

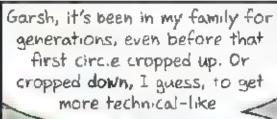














You mean, this town
s here BECAUSE
of your farm? Hmm...
I wonder what else
is here BECAUSE of
that old crop circle..



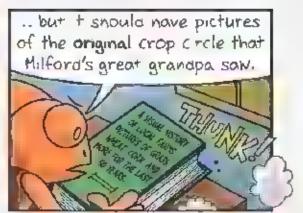
If you're looking for old town history, you'll wanna cneck out the library. Well, not the WHOLE ibrary. Prolly just check out a book or two



Now if you'll excuse me, I do have other problems to tend to











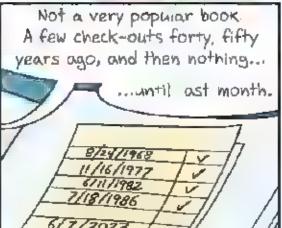


The outpost WAS set up in case aliens made that crop circle' But when no additional circ es appeared, the case was closed along with the base...











Buy my shirts' Buy my bumper stickers! A iens are real and you should give me money!





Later, tater
No chives for
you. It's all
Cilantro, and
you're cooked.





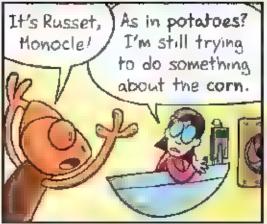










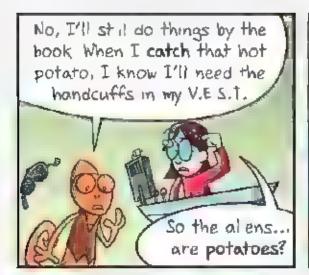




The goggles he ped me see in the dark, but they didn't keep me from being seen.

Coantro, I won't be able







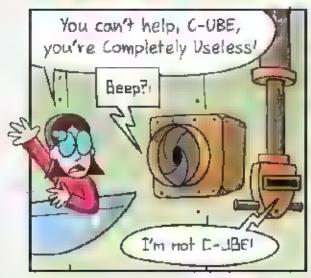


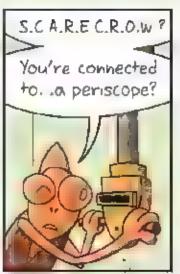




















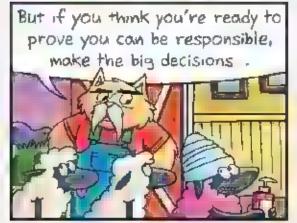


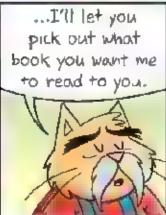


















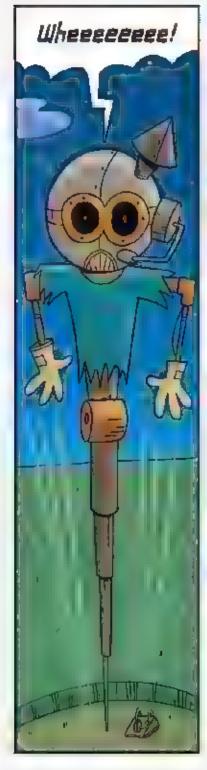














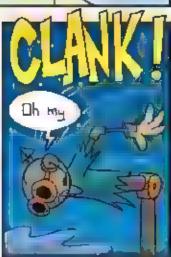
















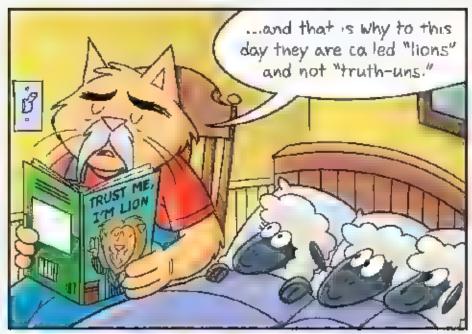
















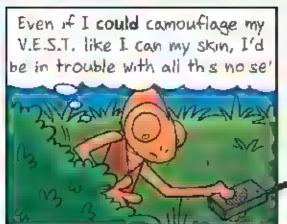










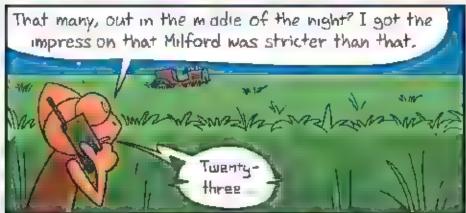




















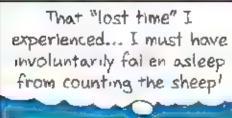














Russel says HE
experienced lost time..
Which means he probably
just passed out from
counting sheep, too.





































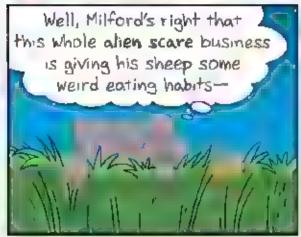




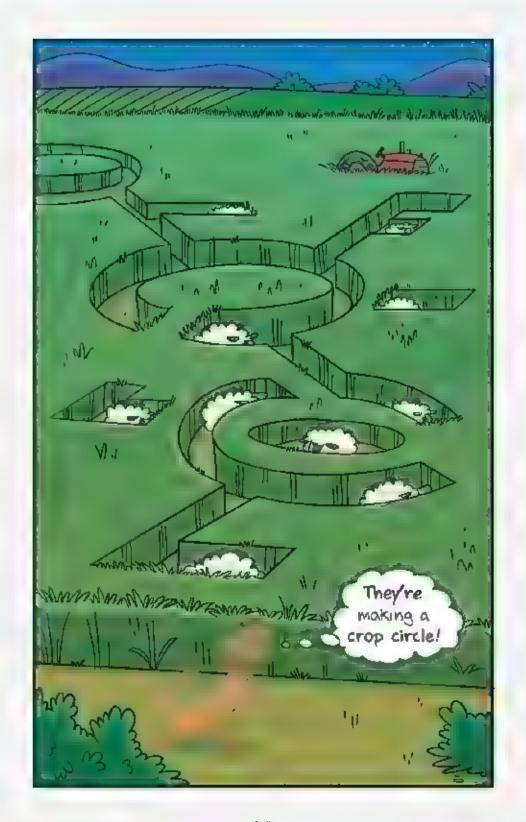






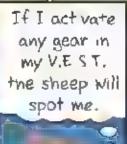






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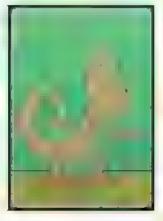
S.C.A.R.E.C.R.O.W.

IS asleep and
there's no way I

can contact
Monocle without
them hearing me.



























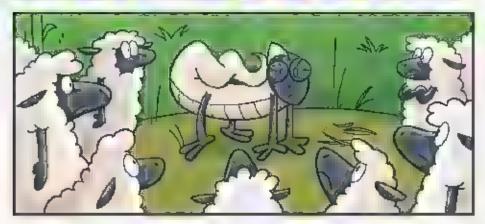


























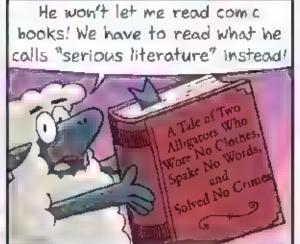








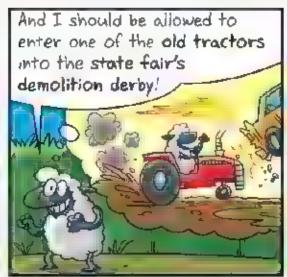


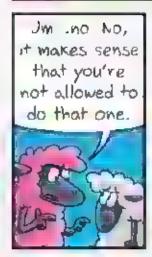








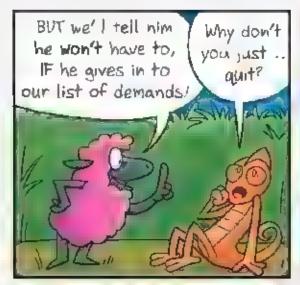






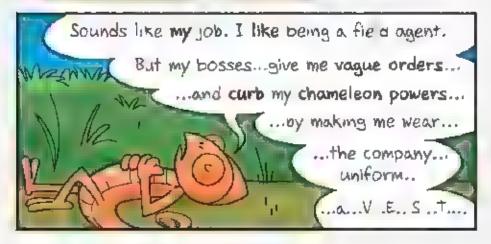




















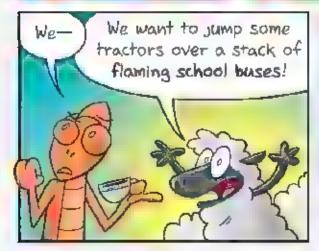


















we're professionals. We know how to get the job done Our bosses should have confidence in our methods



Exactly! It should be the results that matter. There's more than one way to skin a cat.



HA HA HA, no! Of course not We just want more say in our work conditions. we don't wanna skin the guy.



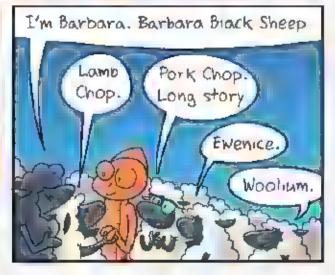














Lasten, everybody, your plan could backfire. What if Milford DOES sell the farm? Then you'll all be out of jobs. Or worse, someone could get hurt!

An angry mob could show up with torches and pitchforks:

And more than the usual number of pitchforks you'd find on a farm!



But you're NOT aliens. You're SHEEP who pretended to be aliens and scared a whole town.



Hang on earlier you said "that's when we give him our demands" ..



Have...you tried just talking to Milford? Like, flat out ask for the working conditions you want?

Ehhhhhh, most of us prefer to avoid direct confrontation.





I'LL talk to M Iford in the morning. If he won't listen to reason, I'll help you come up with a plan that WON'T make an entire town fear for their lives. OR get the attention of a secret spy agency.













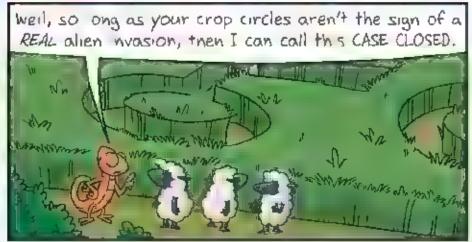


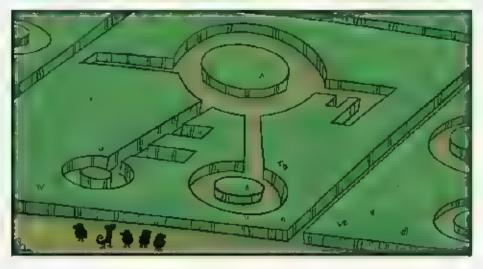












Chapter 9

































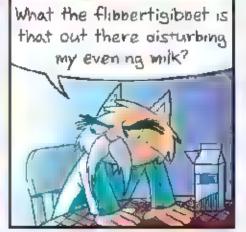


















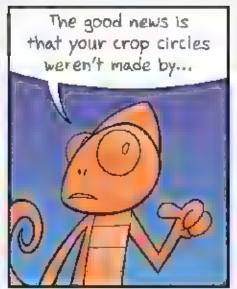








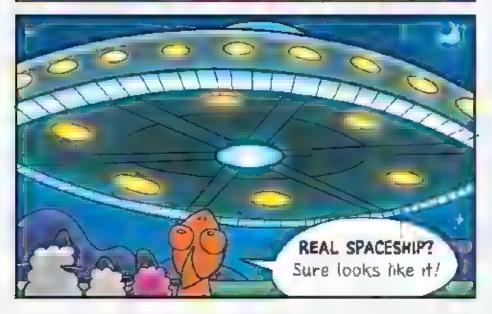




















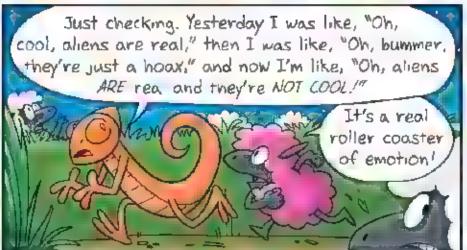




























Apologes. I have not been approved for nap time and will report my yawn made in error.













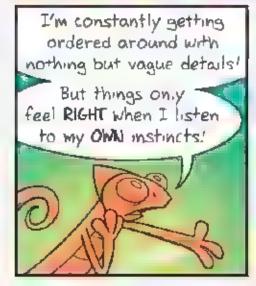






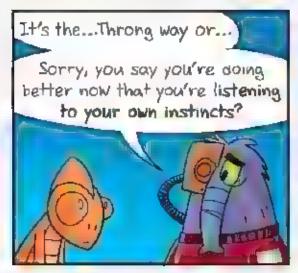
Sounds just 1 ke S.U.I.T. It's their way or the highway!





Could you just give me a day or two before turn ng me nto a Thring or a Thrang or whatever?

> It's just not a good time for a lateral move in my career.





















Chapter 10



























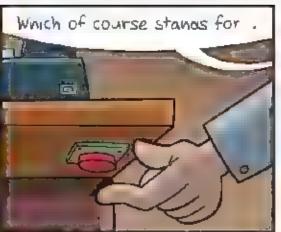






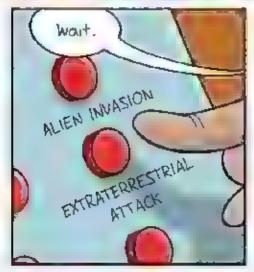




























It looks like the Throng's wrist-rays get people to sleepwalk to the ships...













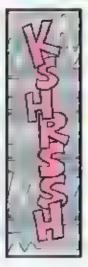






























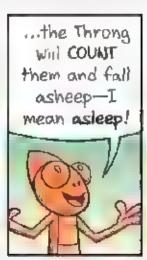










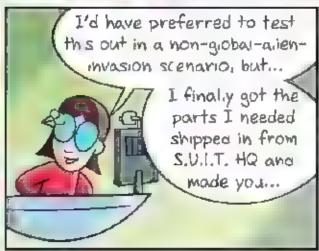


Giving us plenty of room to figure out the remaining details of the plan.







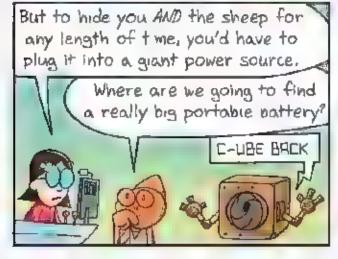




It emits to own camouflage field, and, theoretically, it could expand to cover all the sheep.









Chapter 11





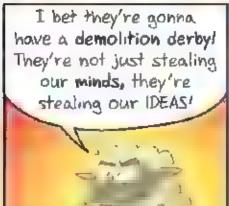






























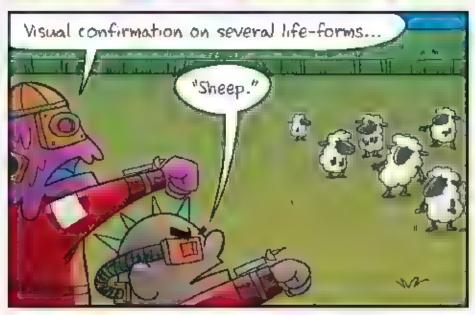










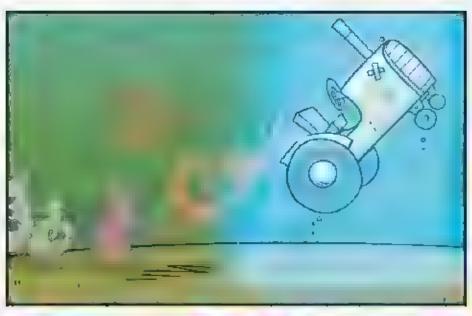


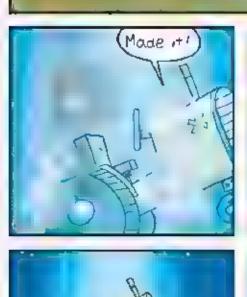








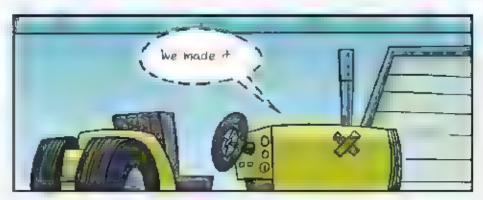
































I broke out of that dognouse while your guard gourd wasn't lookin'.



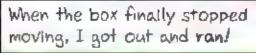


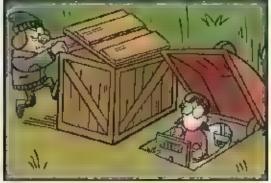
A dog like me can't resist a good stick, let alone a whole box of 'em!











I got ost in some kinda marze maze...



So I climbed up on a tractor to get my bearings...



Next thing I know, I wake up surrounded by tractors on this spaceship!











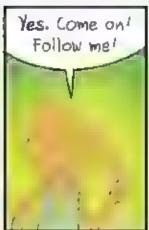












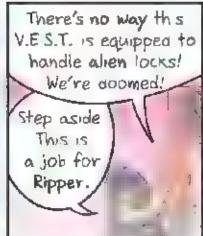






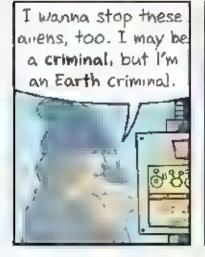
























Chapter 12



...this place is packed! There's no way we'd avoid ail of them!



C-UBE can reroute the intercom into C-UBE's sound imput in crophone.



But if I unplug you from my VES.T., Zeb and Ripper will become visible



We can rsk being seen,
so you can be heard.

Wow. That's kind
of profound.

Also, We're NOT doing that. There's a desk over there to hide under!

Come on!















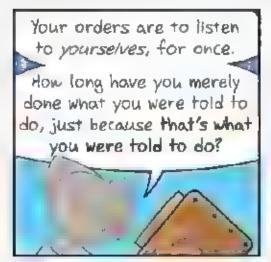












You might be Throng now, but under all of your cyborg parts and hypnosis rays, you're all different beings.















And can we do something about the music in here? I'd like to listen to some smooth jazz every now and then, not this incessant beep boop techno!





















































Chapter 13





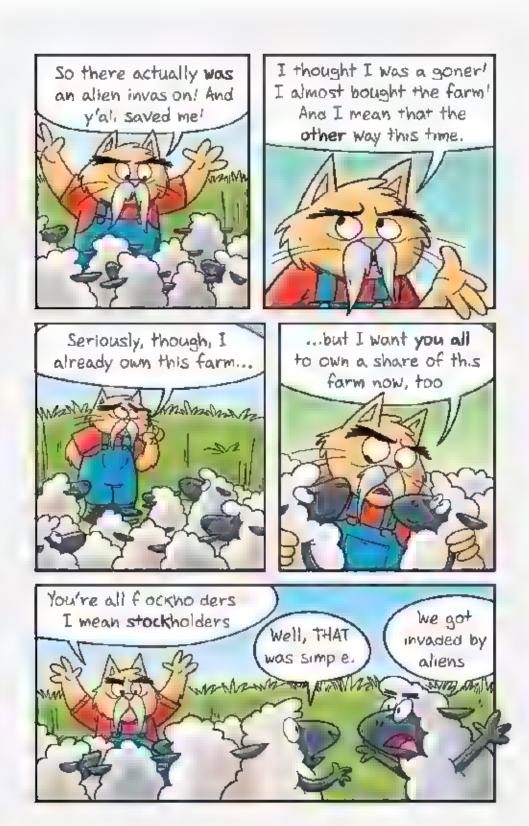




I'm just Kinding. CRIME is my jam.
But I DID just nelp save the planet.
so let me go and we can call t even.







I think you've all earned your shares... of some independence, that is!



If you can grow wool and fight a iens at the same time, I don't see any harm in you making your own hours.



Bedtime, lunchtime, tea time, time after time, rosemary and thyme...up to you.



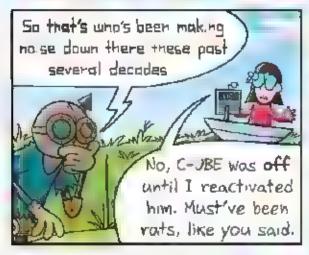
Remote? Well, okay,
I'll let you pick the
TV channel...But not
on TUESDAYS!

























Well, if the agent who used to design S.U.I.T. training scenarios says you've got what it takes, that's good enough for me



Welcome to S.U.I.T., Junior Agent Zeb! Hey! That's got a certain JAZ to it...



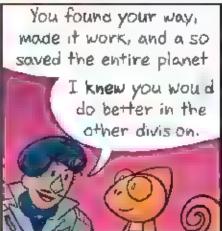






















So I sent you off with none. No guidance.
Hardly even a mission!
And you SAVED THE WORLD.

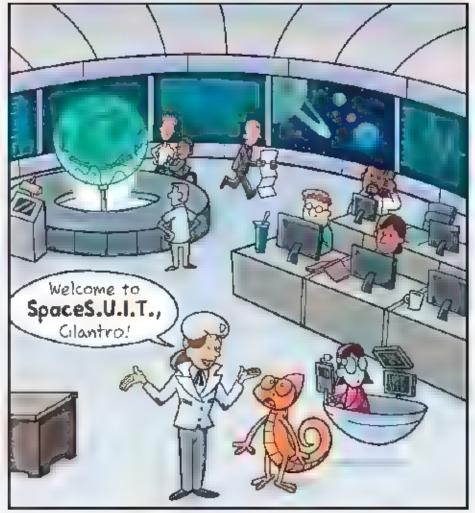


The true nature of your assignment was to eva wate the legitimacy of an alien threat with limited field support.

With that evaluation complete, you're no longer a field agent, Clantro.

I'm. not?





















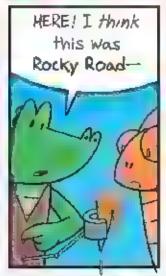


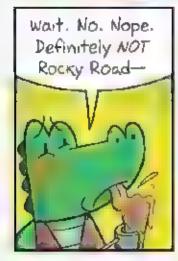










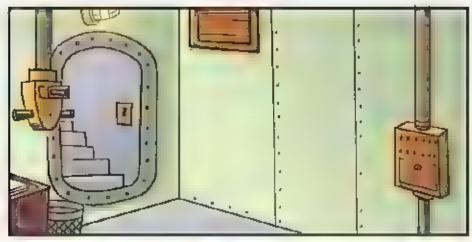




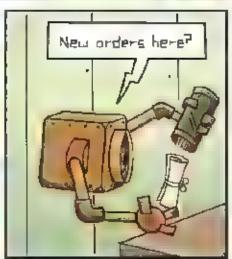


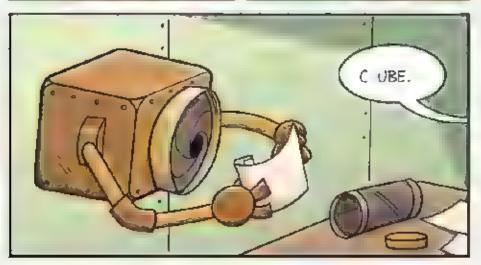




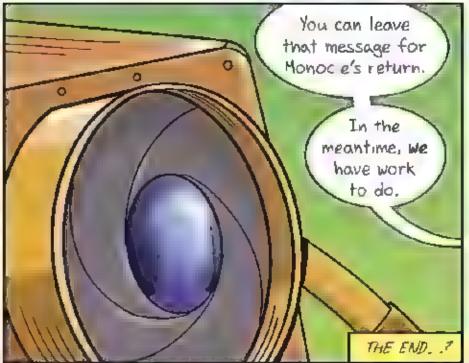








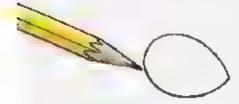






How to draw CILANTRO

- nead. It's shaped Kind of like a pointy egg
- 1. Start by drawing Clantro's 2. Add an upside-down, rounded V for her crest and two circles for eyes. Erase the part of the eye that's hidden by her head





D'a you know their we'rd eyes at on chameleons to see aimost 360 degrees around them? I'm JIAST SOWING.

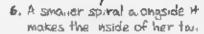
3. Now draw in the rest of her eye details plus nostrils and a mouth.

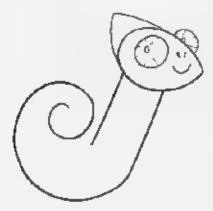


4. To draw Clantro's body, start with two ines leading down from her head



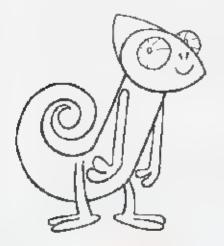
5. . then add a, sp ral shape to make the outside of her tail.







7. Add arms and legs!



2. Now draw in her bely stripes and don't forget her high-tech new V E.S.T.!



9. Analy, add some color, but be careful...

... It might get hard to find her on the page!



Pro-tip: if you really want to capture my likeness, try drawing with invisible ink!



Look out for Agents of S.V.I.T. Book 2, coming soon!

Read the Sohn Patrick Green Collection Line where the state of the collection of th











John Patrick Green is a New York Times-bestselling author who makes books about animals with human jobs, such as Hippopotamister, the Kitten Construction Company series, and the Investigators series. John is definitely not just a bunch of animals wearing a human suit pretending to have a human job. He is also the artist and co-creator

of the Teen Boat! graphic novels with Writer Dave Roman. John lives in Brooklyn in an apartment that doesn't allow animals other than the ones living in his head.



Christopher Hastings is a comics writer who lives in the human Earth city of Brooklyn, New York. He is the creator of The Adventures of Dr. McNinja and co-creator of Marvel's Unbelievable Gwenpool. He's also scripted many graphic novel adaptations in the five Nights at Freddy's franchise and has written a slew of other

comics, including Adventure Time, Regular Show, and I Am Groot. This bio may be the only thing he wrote in this book that doesn't involve a pun.



Pat Lewis is a freelance cartoonist/illustrator who lives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, with his wife and their two cats. His artwork has appeared in children's magazines such as Highlights and Boys' Life (now Scout Life), as well as books by Workman Publishing, Macmillan, and McGraw Hill. Some of his

favorite things in this world are: flea markets, road trips, monster movies, and snack-bar nachos. Oh, and drawing funny pictures for kids and adults.



Wes Dzioba is a Canadian artist based in the city of Winnipeg with his wife and two sons. He was always a fan of comics and animation growing up, and broke into his coloring career by answering an ad in the newspaper for a colorist in 1998. He has worked with publishers like Disney, Dark Horse Comics,

Marvel, Nickelodeon, DC Comics, and many more. In his spare time, he likes doing things the THRONG WAY!

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CILANTRO finally gets a chance to prove herself...



...but her first big case is OUT OF THIS WORLD.

Can this eager agent do things her way and still earn her V.E.S.T.?





Cover to 2015 by John Palvick Great Cover design by John Fatrick Great Part Lands, and Mody Johanso

